THE BRITISH JUBILEE.

PREPARING FOR THE PAGEANT. LONDON TRANSFORMED - POPULAR SENTIMENT

REGARDING THE FESTIVAL. THE EEGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. LONDON, Feb. 26 .- Such a whirl as London was in yesterday, and is in to-day, and promises to be in to-morrow, surpasses all anticipation, and, I believe, all experience. I am not the oldest inhabitant, and my memory of this city does not go back to any of its great celebrations, nor to the Duke's funeral, nor to the coming home of the Princess of Wales, nor to the Great Exhibition. But everybody agreed in expecting that to-morrow would surpass them all, yet nobody counted on such a thing in the streets as we have seen before the arrival of the day itself. THE TRIBUNE office being by good luck in Pall Mall, and so on the route of the Royal Procession. I can see specimens of the prevailing excitement by merely looking out of the windows. Once outdoors, the most phlegmatic of men could not but give himself up to the strange influence of so strange a scene. Yesterday was Sunday, and, if my Puritan friends in New-England will allow me to say so, I was at this office for a little while on business. If I had dropped into it after a week's absence I should not have known I was in Pall Mall. The transformation of the lower stories of the palace-like clubs into the semblance of horse-sheds was something, but the change in the trafile of the street was far more remarkable. It has been a famous lounge time out of mind. Dandy officers of the guards, dandy club men, politicians, men famous in letters and art and travel and everything else may be seen any day on its sidewalks, while the roadway is apt of an afternoon to be filled with carriages, and the carriages with very fashionable people. Yesterday all these fre quenters of the stately street had vanished, and Pall Mail looked like a section of Whitechapel Road. A totally new idea had seized upon Londoners, that it was possible to be seen in the streets on a Sunday, and they had got a mad notion that there was some thing beside themselves to be seen. They came out to see the decorations, but yesterday the decorations consisted mainly of rough pine boards and joists, and the framework of seats destined to be covered with red cloth. The real spectacle was the people themselves, and I am half inclined to think they found that out and enjoyed it. Tradesmen's carts, and butchers' carts, and furnith ruddy-faced men and over-dressed women and children, who were too many to count, filled all Pall Mall, and all the Strand, and Fleet-st., and Oxfordst., and, I suppose, choked the narrow streets about St. Paul's and the Old Bailey, and wherever the procession is expected to pass to-morrow. Half Lendon had got an idea that their only chances to have a sight of the unaccustomed splendors would be before the true day came. To any body who knows what a Sunday in London commenly is, the contrast was simply delightful. It must have been exceedingly so to the cabinen, who all went home with little fortunes in their pockets. When I wanted to go home, not a cab was to be had in Pall Mall, St. James-st., or Piccadilly.

To-day, the crowd is far greater. There are five line of carriages in front of my windows, mostly waiting for a chance to move one way or the other; now and then surging slowly forward a rod or two, and then stopping again. My balcony looks both ways for more than half a mile. All the way from St. James's Palace, along Pall Mall and past Trafalgarsquare to the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the to drive from this office to Fleet-st. My cab got within sight of the Strand, and there stopped. I might as well have tried to drive through the National Gallery. I drove down Whitehall and so by way of the new embankment and Boueverie-st., finally reached my point. But to get into Fleet-st. or ont of it, either in a carriage or afoot, was equally difficult. For sight-seers there was something to-day to repay all the toil, the decorations being well advanced, flags and streamers flying, and the walls half covered with mottoes expressive of the most effusive loyalty to

Who first conceived the idea of this Thanksgiving I do not know. If it were started in the interest of the Throne, the notion was a clever one, and is only the nataral fulfillment of that calculated programme by which most has not been made of it, and will not be, for, since the order of the ceremonies is all settled, on can speak of it as well to-day as to-morrow Nething could be better, from the Royalist point of view than the plan of a grand religious celebration the Cathedral of St. Paul's, with a procession of the Queen in state from Buckingham Palace to the Cathe drat. That plan touched the Londoner on all hi tenderest sides-touched him with religious fervor, or, if not religious, ecclesiastical, which most men loyal devotion, and touched his pocket, which is some times thought the center of his nervous system, and empty it, which to him seems a very material dif-ference. He is glad the Prince got well, and likes to show it. He seldom sees his queen and is much obliged to her ing thing that the connection between the British Thron-and the Throns of God should be thus publicly acknowle edged; it is creditable to both. He has a goood many thop-windows on the line of the procession, and these h lets out in seats lat a price which much enhances the strength of his devotion. On the other hand, there are nore who hire seats than who let them, and a still greater number who do neither, but who will lerge a dav's work and a day's pay for the pleasure of looking on this unwonted show. Now, to all these classes of people, who all together must number ome two or three militions, the essential thing was that the show should be a fine one. St. Paul's will hold, at the utmost, soure 16,000. London outside of St. Paul's and on the line of the procession will see only the procession, and this is so obvious that it is almost incredible it should not have occurred to the clever and practical-minded men who had this matter in tharp. No fear about St. Paul's; what is sone there is for the chosen few, mostly aristocrats, or hiking to think themselves such. They are loyal sneagh in any case. The unloyal recruit their ranks among the outsiders; give them sometiting to make the sid dame burn brighter. They are just in the mood to ripsy tenfold every concession made to their present desire. They would have rejoiced in a really splendid procession, with pienty of troops, and great officers of tate, and the two Houses of Parliament, and half the ristocracy of England in curriages. Nothing would have been easier than to arrange such a procession. Intend of it we are to have a few score of mounted troops, a few officials, and not more than a dozen carriages in all, filled, save one, with the most unimportant people in England, the Royal Household. When a man who has solid to for his seat, and has sat in it all day, has seen this paltry troop file by, he will be apt to think he has been discussed in the samply an opportunity lost to fill the strength of them. It is simply an opportunity lost to fargery is in a very loyal state of mind. To-morrow's parade well managed mach that we been worth an additional ten years' lease of life to the throne, or ten years' lease of life to the throne, or ten years' lease of life to the throne, or ten years' lease of life to the throne, or ten years' lease of life to the throne, or ten years' lease of nore who hire seats than who let them, and a still greater number who do neither, but who will

EXTRAORDINARY CROWDS-SPLENDID APPEAR ANCE OF THE STREETS-LOYAL DEMON-

TUESDAY, Feb. 27 .- It would be hard to say at what hear this morning London was astir. The extraordinary erowd of Sunday and Monday and given everybody fair notice of what might be expected to-day, so that not only were the military and the police on the the ceremony was up betimes. Pall Mail to be closed at 10:30, Temple Bar at 11, Queen would leave Buckingham Palace 5 o'clock, and the papers had warned those going o'clock. That seemed to me a very moderate caution.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1872.

signed that duty to another correspondent, but I did not think se'clock in the morning toe soon to start for Pall Mall, which is more than a mile west of St. Paul's. The house is near Holland Park. The streets in all that part of Lendon and thence east along Kensington Gar-dens, Hyde Park, and through Mayfair, are commonly empty enough at that hour. This morning they were throughd with carriages and people all hurrying steadily eastward. At the Marble Arch, where we first touched the route to be followed by the Queen, there was, even; at a quarter past eight, a regular crush. Escaping this by turning down Park-lane, and so on through the quieter streets to Piccadilly, I found no great difficulty in getting on, and finally by cutting into Pall Mall through St. James's-square, I got quite near this office without serious delay. But Pall Mall was a sight. We were 20 minutes driving 20 yards. Early as it was-still before 9 o'clock—the great tide set strongly toward the city. Once up in my balcony, I saw the breadth of the street filled as it had not been filled either Sunday

its sway. Mounted police and dismounted artillery kept the street, and kept it very admirably. The side-walks were already so filled by the crowd who in any direction was nearly out of the question. The broadening spaces of Waterloo-place, stretching on either side of Pall Mall, were still vacant, and as you looked there a bare patch of pavement. All else was filled three hours before the Queen could be expected to pass. portant question of weather we were nearly all the morning in suspense. Not to keep you in the whole, a fine day-for London, and especially for London at the end of February. There were clouds, of course, sky most of the time, of course, and there was once a in the morning the strong east wind, which never ceased, blew clean away the ashen canopy that

or Monday, and this time the carriages and the world of

fashion and riches that goes on four wheels had resumed

overhung the roofs, and parted all the leaden vapors, and let in through broad and gracious openings the true sunlight. I remember Mr. Greeley saying in looks more like a boiled turnip than like the sun of other countries. It is too often as sadly as it is drolly true, but no misery is quite absolute, and to-day the sun tried as hard as other people to be loyal, and thankful, and to quick flashing out in a great body of darkly-clad people, as English people—at any rate of the male kind— are only too sure to be. To-day he had something better that covered the fronts of three clubs, and gaily dressed ladies had filled the seats, and there was plenty of color. So with the decorations. No artist's eye had grouped them into great masses of color, or managed contrasts, Italian of one kind or another in style, lend themselves readily to good ornamentation. I don't know why peo elers-were literally without decoration of any sort, exextemporized deal seats in front. They did not hang out a single flag. The Reform had three! A private house opposite had a dozen, but if anything that in Italy, or, indeed, anywhere on the Continent,

would have been called holiday dress, there was no

trace. No matter, there were the people, and there were days enough to make the length of the street as

viewed from either end of it quite brilliant and impres-

Every minute, or every minute when the thickly packed lines of carriages could move, some new aristo cratic splendor went slowly by. I could not spend the whole morning looking out of the window, and I fear I missed most of them; but every now and then there came a murmur from the crowd, and sometimes a faint cheer, and opposite from the Club seats and balkissing of the tips of fair fingers. I continue to be in ignorance of the names of most of the great personages who called forth these demonstrations. If they had all who cancel for the been made part of the procession, the effect would have been admirable, and one's curiosity might have been stirred to the point of finding out who they were. If the man wore a fur collar, we set him down an Alderman; if a gold chain about his neck like that tremendous functionary who used to pervade the reading-room of the Grand Hotel in Paris, he was a Mayor of some provincial town. There were uniforms in plenty; just as of gilt ornament on coaches and brass fluery on the horses there was more really important man sometimes rode full of mystery as ever. Another was the late Emperor of France, half stolid and all devilish, cunning marking his face as plainly as ever, and the wax all back in the ends of his mustache, quite different from what it was at Sedan. But I saw few men whom knew or whose names are worth cataloguing. The distinction of these people was a social distinction; their merit is to be of the peerage, or to dwell in Belgravia and Mayfair, and they held in their hands parti-colored tickets of admission to St. Paul's, vouchers to eagle-eyed policemen of their right to be on the street and to pass Temple Bar, a distance far beyond our ken. A good many of them, I am very sure, did not reach that gloomy portal till past the hour when the printed law of Scot land Yard gave them a right to enter; but that is their affair. Before I let them all pass I must not omit to say with a certain regret, though with no surprise, that the French ex-Emperor was in one of the Queen's carriages, clearly going to St. Paul's as a Royal guest, and that when recognized, as he was, by a good many club-loungers, he was saluted with respect, and his passage heralded by a half-subdued cheer. Ah what it is to have sat on a Throne! The crimes by which you climb to it are a

small matter.

But if I go on about such things the procession will have come and gone and passed on into the domains of my colleagues before I shall have said anything about it; one reason of which might be that the day seem to me to have a significance and an interest of which the mere official array makes very small part. Whether it have or not, this is no place to moralize about it, nor is there at this moment either time or space for any such undertaking. All the world has heard that the Queen is a punctual person. She was to leave Buckingham palace-a palace in which Her Majesty is pleased to reside among her faithful London lieges during perhaps five days in the year-at a quarter before noon. I don't think she did. From the palace to the nearest end of Pall Mall is less than ten minutes walk, and the head of the royal escort did not turn the corner past Marlborough House till 10 minutes after 12. A far-o cheer, that sounded like the hum of a great swarm of loyal bees, was the first notice we had of her coming. There was a band, but not a note of music could be heard. An orderly came galloping hard over the pavement, and we guessed he bore the tidings of the Queen's approach. A minute afterward, the head of the column appeared. I have remarked in a preliminary letter that people thought the promise of th a very meager one, and I hope not to be thought a bitter enemy of British institutions if I record the fact that from the time when we first caught sight of the lancers' pennons at the front of the procession down to the time when the last of it passed my windows not quite five minutes clapsed. They came on very quickly, and th

Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Mistress of the Robes.

Eighth Carriage—The Master of the Horse, His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales, His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold, His Royal Highness the Prince Arthur, His Royal Highness the Dake of Edinburgh.

Ninth Carriage—His Royal Highness the Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Queen—An Equery in Waling rides by Her Majesty's carriage, and a Field Officer's Escort of the Royal Horse Guards accompanies Her Majesty, who proceeds through Stable-yard-gate to Pall Mall, Charing-cross, the Strand, Fleet-st. and Ludgate-hill, to the Great West Entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral.

If every carriage had been studded with diamonds, and the horses harnessed in gold, there were not enough quantity. And then there were not many diamonds, and not much gold could be seen except as manifest gilt. In a coach that seemed to have been brought over from the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons; whom had preceded, let me not forget to say, an escort of lancers. I recognized Lord Hatherley and Mr. Brand; both manfully trying to look as if they liked masquerading in daylight, and wearing their wigs in Pall Mall. After them came the eight carriages filled hope, correctly given above; but among them no person at all interesting to ordinary mortals, if I except Prince Arthur and the Duke of Edin-Then more troops; the Household Cavalry burgh. Then mere troops; the Household Cavalry this time, but, as if to keep a somber hue over all, it was the Blues who had been choser. And then, the one Carriage which contained the persons whom all the great city had come out to see; the Carriage which bore the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Queen. A real, hearly, swelling, long-continued cheer preceded and accompanied, and followed them. The Prince looked uncommonly well after his long illness—pale, certainly, but full enough in the face, and with slight trace of suffering. The Princess was charming, as she is always, in blue velvet. The Queen rode in black and ermine. All three bowed continually, the Prince keeping his face turned to the clubs on the other side of the street, among whose guests he recognized, no doubt, scores of personal friends and acquaintances. Amid the cheers there was almost a hush. There came, as it were in a moment, an idea the cheers there was almost a hush. There came, as it were in a moment, an idea into the mind of the vast throng that here was a young man who had guite lately and very nearly escaped death, and they looked on him with a sort of wonder, and perhaps even with a religious feeling, and some genuine sentiment mixed with all the conventional and merely fashionable loyalty which had been uppermost all day. They passed in a moment. There was nothing to follow; nothing but a great wave of humanity which came surging irresistibly up the street and falled it and threatened to roll over the procession itself, but which did not, being checked and all the time kept well diked out by a breakwater, half police and half soldiers.

G. W. S.

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE

INCIDENTS OF THE PROCESSION-LONDON HUMOR THE SCENE IN ST. PAUL'S.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Feb. 28.—"I purpose that on Tuesday, the 27th inst., conformably to the good and becom ing usage of former days, the blessing thus received shall be acknowledged on behalf of the nation by a Thanksgiving in the metropolitan cathedral. At this celebration, it is my desire and hope to be present." Who purposes? Queen Victoria. What blessing? Is it necessary to answer? Is not "Messing" synonymous with the Prince of Wales's restoration to health? Such a naïve question comes of living under republican institutions. And as soon as the Queen decided to visit St. Paul's in state, everybody else wanted to go. From loyalty do you suppose! Arthur Helps, who ought to know, de clares that Londoners are singularly full of curiosity. When it becomes impossible for everybody to attend a celebration, of course everybody wants to go. Four hundred Americans besieged the Legation for tickets, and out of the 400, eight obtained the desired entrée. The Lord Chamberlain is mighty. He wields his scepter with becoming despotism, and loes unto everybody as he would not have anybody do unto him. Not only was it a great favor to have any ticket at all, but the Great Chamberlain decreed that on your tickets should be written your name by the United States Minister, and by nobody else, and that no ticket should be transferable! People dared not accept tickets from friends who were detained at home by illness, for fear of being forced to perjure themselves at the doors of St. Paul's. I fully expected to be challenged, to take my oath that I was myself, and that Gen. Schenck had, with his own right hand, written my name on the entrance card, which was big enough to admit Brigham Young and his entire family. Unnecessary The tickets were not examined, were not even taken from us, and several that I picked up after the ceremony indicated no name whatever. So much for absurd edicts of the Lord Chamberlain, who would have prevented unmarried members of Quest struck for his "sisters" and his fires.

Having caught my ticket, kind friends who had none advised me not to go; first, because I'd probably never reach St. Paul's, as there were to be 12 miles of carriages, and how could I be inside of Temple Bar before 11 f Or if I did get there, how could I find my carriage after the performance-I mean ccremony? and then what would prevent my being crushed to death by the crowd? "But if you persist in your resolution," said the last adviser, " go early." The Times devoted columns to the same refrain, se that 13,000 men and women passed one of the most wretchedly sleepless nights of their lives in a feverish desire to obey the mandate of The Thunderer. In London, gaslight is so infinitely superior to daylight as to tempt one never to go to bed-and neve to get up. Picture, then, 13,000 yawning human beings, snatched from an early nightmare, bolting their breakfasts as jugglers bolt swords, cramming luncheons into their pockets, rushing into carriages, and being driven off to see what a republican weekly here calls the "Great Raree Show." Over-anxious ticket-holders left their homes as early as 6), the very thought of which hour penetrates a Londoner with suicidal gloom.

Half-past eight sees us on our winding way, and

the first flag we drive under is the Star-Spangled Banner, displayed in Piccadilly by the Christy Minstrels. "An eager and a nipping air" does not add to the hilarity of the hour, and if this be "Queen's weather," the less we have of it the better. Through Leicester-square, sullen and undecorated, through narrow streets, in which loyalty has not broken out, we at last reach the Strand, and find ourselves one of an immense cortege. Everybody seems to be good-natured, everybody that is not in the street is looking out of windows; and when I see these faces, so thankful to be let loose from work for outdoor celebration, I wonder England does not invent a few holidays to save her populace from the deadening effect of everlasting grind. "Scott, the champion bill-poster," "The Daily News-world-wide circulation," "The Daily Telegraph—largest circulation in the world," and The Echo do an immense business in advertising. They break out in every direction. As decorations they dangerous rivals to "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The Echo, dressed in dark blue, absolutely serv ing as a neat trimming to St. Mary le Strand. A few people wear the national colors, but otherwise there is to attempt at personal adornment, except in a man seated over the suggestive sign of C. Skarp, who wears

when the last of it passed my windows not quite five minutes clapsed. They came on very quickly, and the order of the procession was this:

Carriages of the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor, His Boyal Highness the Dake of Cambridge, attended by an escort. Her Majesty's carriages, viz.:

First Carriage—The Gentleman in Waking to His Royal Highness the Prince Arthur, the Equerry in Waiting to His Royal Highness the Dake of Edinburgh, the Silver Stick in Waiting.

Second Carriage—The Field Officer in Brigade Waking, the Equerry in Waiting to His Royal Highness the Edinburgh, the Equerry in Waiting to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Groom in Waiting, the Silver Stick in Waiting to His Royal Highness the Prince of Waies, the Equerry in Waiting, the Master of the Household, the Private Secretary to the Queen.

Fourth Carriage—The Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales.

Maid of Houser in Waiting, the Controller and Treasurer to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

First Carriage—The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, the Chamberlain to Her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, the Econdy Lady of the Bedchamber.

Sight Carriage—The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, the Chamberlain to Her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, the Lord 'n Waiting, the Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, the Lord 'n Waiting, the Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, the Lord 'n Waiting, the Lord 'n Waiting,

polities, frustrate their knavish tricks," is a great favorite, undoubtedly selected with a view to covering Republicans with confusion. Should they rally from this, they are sure to be frightened out of their heresy if they stand before The Fun office, and see Dilkes tossed on high by the British lion. In Fleet-st. the scene is really picture esque, in spite of poverty of ingenuity in decoration. The flags and gay colors give it an almost Venetian look, and London proves that with more thought, more time, and interesting to centemplate. Boys dance breakdowns; men on the tops of houses are told to take care of themselves. "There goes Roger!" screams the crowd as a very fat cab-driver, not unlike the Tichborne claimant, passe along. A man with a bouquet of violets enacts the prima dorna. "God bless your pretty face," says a wo-man with flowers, addressing a gray-haired New-Yorker produces the desired effect! Programmes of the day's buy, and buy, the last seller assuring us that his is the best because it has the prettiest cover. When we arrive at St. Paul's we are presented with gorgeous official programmes, and discover the others to be worthless.

old warrior into a Columbine. There, in a window, sit two Bostonians who have paid 13 guineas for their seats. We drive over a sanded floor; we are chaffed as everybody must be chaffed by a London crowd; we are de sired to remember them to Wales and say they'll call to-morrow. "There are no two ways about us!" shouts a man who is forced to go in one direction when he would manner that passeth all understanding. But never mind them. England expects every man to do his duty; and here we are at St. Paul's, entering by the south-west door. Without difficulty we reach the corner devoted to "distinguished foreigners," and find that, although it is but dress-coats politely show us to our seats, and then we proceed to survey the scene. Remember that the strucure is not Gothic, that we are in the south-west corner of the dome, with a gallery above us devoted to th and with nothing in eight but the royal pew, which is in front of us. There are rows of chairs in front of the pew, intended for Peers and Commoners, and distant calleries opposite trimmed with red bunting. We know that the Diplomatic Corps is in the north corner, corre sponding to ours, but we see nothing of their gay plumage They ought to have been placed in the body of the building where their uniforms would have produced effect, but then, I 'm not Lord Chamberiain.

We contemplate a few uniforms, red bunting, and ar foreigner," a lady, in front of me, reads The Times. My left-hand neighbor reads "My Wife and I." A gentle-man near by is absorbed in "Glax's Baby." He won't look at anything. He calls it a "show"; has come to please his wife, and not even royalty distracts his attenand everybody is discussing who everybody else is, Soon our corner is filled to overflowing, and late arrivals are forced to go into a dark hole where they can see nothing and do nothing but catch cold. Gen. Badeau appears in but there are a few seats reserved in front, and at last he is permitted to occupy one. This excites the indignatio imprecations on the ushers. Then come the Nawal Nazin and his son, the former looking like the typical Bluebeard, and the latter arrayed in emeralds that almost tempt one to commit robbery. Emerald drops, emerald buttons, emerald everything, and all for "one little Indian boy!" What a mistake circumstances are! More "distinguished foreigners," looking very English and not at all distinguished. A prominent writer or The Times appears in a gorgeous uniform, as representa tive of Paraguay. More Indians are ushered to the front seats. A solemn man in picturesque garb, and a youthful woman done up in gold cloth-ah, that cloth, how well it would look converted into an opera-cloak! declare that the man is the Maharajah Duleep Singh, the mediatised prince, who hates the Queen, and who once had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty adorned in his jewels, but this I disbelieve. They are

great and solemn people, and this is enough.

Peers and peeresses flutter about, and Commoners be gin to arrive. Lord Ripon, in court dress, looks the pic ture of good nature, as though the Alabama rested lightly on his shoulders. Mr. Lowe smiles as blandly as though he had not met his match in the people who hissed him in his progress to the Cathedral. An! here come Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone; she in black velvet and white lace, he in court uniform. Mrs. Gladstone kneels for one moment, and people looking on nudge one another with surprise. "Well," whispers one grande dame, "you know she's the Minister's wife, and thinks something is expected of her." Gladstone puts on his white kid gloves, and bows to his friends; but his is the most worn and tired face I see. Hungry t how hungry and munch, and munch. The grande dame in front lays aside her opera-glass in order to sip sherry; and we conclude, when we see both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, peers peeresges, and commoners using their opera-glasses an eporting themselves as if they were at the theater, that this is truly a religious gathering, and that we are al deeply impressed by the gravity of the occasion.

A sensation! everybody rises. Opera-glasses to the front! I see the top of a gold mace, and know that the Speaker of the House has arrived. General suspense enmes; a man in the organ-loft, who really has the best po sition, waves a handkerchief; "God save the Queen" played; a choir of 200 men in white robes rise; the dis tinguished but tall women in front of me stand on their on my chair, all other women following the example every one could have seen with perfect ease; but no Yankee was consulted. By dint of much gymnastic exaroise I see the Royal family, and am not impressed by the spectacle. I think of "the cost of royalty," and gaze upon the pensioners all in a row. The Queen is exreedingly plain; her sons are not in the least good-looking; the Prince of Wales ap-pears to better advantage than he has for ome time, for the reason that he is thinner and his fac kas lost its redness. He is by no means pale, however, seeming to have been tanned by outdoor life, and apless affected by the scene than any other member his family, his eldest born excepted, who, being child, is as restless as a child ought to be. The Queer and the Princess Alexandra, who is really pretty and ladvike, bow their heads from the beginning to the end of an hour long. Opera-glasses are brought to a focu should be spelled tedium, for, composed by Mr. Goss organist of St. Paul's, it is as poor a composition as one might expect, but is sung better than it demight expect, but is sung better There are prayers, and there is collect; there is a prayer for the Queen's majesty, and then is said the general thanksgiving, with these inserted words: "Particularly to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who desires now to offer up his praises and thanksgiving for Thy late mercies vouchsafed to him."
"With the last words," says to-day's Times, "the leader's voice stopped, and the perfect pause of a few mo ments, almost auful in its intensity, was the point at which the sublimity of the service culminated and reached its highest and intensest expression." I felt nothing awful, nothing intense; nothing culminates; opera-glasses go on as before; a commonplace authem is sung, but nobody listens, for everybody's ears are eyes Nor is there any change when the Archbishop of Canterbury begins his sermon, taking for his text "Members one of another."

It is the old story over again, what we have read in

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SECRETARY FISH'S REPLY ASKED FOR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS — SAD ACCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR—ELEVEN LIVES LOST.

LONDON, Thursday, March 14, 1872. The reply of Secretary Fish to the note of Earl Granville relative to the Alabama Case, only reached the Hon. R. C. Schenck, the American Minister, last night. The tone of Mr. Fish's communication is eminently pacific, and an intimation is given of the re

gret and surprise of the American Government at the English interpretation of the Treaty of Washington. In the House of Commons this evening, Mr. Disraeli asked for the production of Secretary Fish's reply to Lord Granville's note on the Alabama claims: Mr. Gladstone answered that the dispatch had been received been communicated to Her Majesty's Government. The amendments were discussed and rejected.

A telegram from Gibraltar reports a distressing disaster near that harbor, whereby a number of people be-longing to the Royal Navy lost their lives. A boat belonging to the British steam frigate Ariadne, at anchor off the town, while going from the vessel to the shore, capsized, and 11 persons were drowned, including two

the release of the Tichborne claimant on the charge of perjury now pending against him is ready; but the Court has postponed its acceptance until Monday next.

Five new English war vessels have been launched during the past two weeks. The British serew frights Aurora, which was ashore on Nicholas Reef, in Plymouth Sound, has been hauled off by tugs. The vessel sustained some damage, and, no doubt, will go into dock for

who was sentenced to undergo three months imprison-ment for a libel on the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench during the trial of the Fenian Kelly, has been released from fall, his term having expired. Mr. Pigott's lease, and he was afterward entertained at a breakfast.

FRANCE.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY ABROGATED — THE INTERNATIONALS.

PARIS, Thursday, March 14, 1872. It is reported that President Thiers yesterday gave final notice to England of the renunciation by France of the commercial treaty between the two

The Deputies of the Left in the Assembly unanimo resolved to repullate the International Society. The bill for the suppression of the organization passed the Assembly to-day without amendment. It imposes various fines and terms of imprisonment for holding office in. in some cases deprives the offender of civil and domestic

GERMANY.

ILLEGAL SENTENCES OF EXCOMMUNICATION. BERLIN, Thursday, March 14, 1872.

The Prussian Government has requested the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ermeland to revoke the sentences of excommunication pronounced by him contrary to the laws of the country.

The Posen apothecary, who was arrested in this city on the 21st ult., on suspicion of contemplating a murderous attack upon Prince Bismarck, has been released

CUBA.

AN ABSCONDING MERCHANT-REPORTED LAND-ING OF GARCIA.

HAVANA, March 14.-A German merchant named Stephani has absconded, leaving liabilities

An unconfirmed and untraceable rumor is in circu lation that Carlos Garcia and 20 men has landed on the Yuelta-Abajo coast. In view of the probable landing of Garcia, the people are on the alert, and the coasts of the island are closely watched.

THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE INTERIOR-CAPTURE OF LAGOS BY THE GOVERNMENT FORCES—THE STATES OF AGUAS CALIENTES AND ZACATE-CAS DECLARED IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

MEXICO, March 1 .- The 4,000 men of Gen. Don Sostenes Rocha, on their march from this capital to begin the campaign in the interior against the revolu tionists under Donato Guerra, Pedro Martinez, Geronimo Trevino, Trinidad Garcia de la Cadena, and others, arrived at Queretaro on the 14th ult., and on the following day continued their route via San Miguel Allende, Dolo-res, Hidalgo, and San Felipe. At the last-named place via the Jaral, to Zacatecas via Ojuelas, and to Guanajuato via the Tiachiquera. The revolutionists under Do nato Guerra advanced from Zacatecas, and those com Blanco to Ojuelas, to meet Rocha; consequently, this General, who had been joined by 300 men belonging to Queretaro, and 2,000 well-equipped troops of the State of Guanajuato, advanced from San Felipe to El evening of the 22d, the outposts of the hostile forces were almost in contact, and a decisive battle was expected to take place on the following day. Gen. Corella left his infantry in San Luis Potosi, and joined Rochs with 800 cavalry to take part in the fight. Gen. Sanches Ochea was ordered to evacuate Lagos, and to march, via Rocha. But, in the night of the 22d, the revolutionists they arrived on the 23d of February. When this movement became known, Gen. Sanchez Ochoa was still in Leon with his troops, and on the morning of the 24th, he retreated to join Gov. Antillon, who was in Silao with

Rocha followed the revolutionists as quickly as his heavy trains would permit, and on the 24th, he reported that a part of his cavalry, the 8th Regiment, had overtaken and sabered 200 men of the enemy's rear guard, taking some wagons, with ammunition for infantry, with clothing and equipments. Gen. Rochs entered Lagos at 10 s. m. of the 25th, with a division of cavalry under the command of Corella, and announced by tele-graph to the Minister of War that the division of in-fantry would arrive two hours afterward. The revolu-tionists retired in the direction of San Juan de los Lagos, on the road to Guadalajara; and the cavalry of Rochs over 2,000 strong, after a short rest in Lagos, continued the pursuit, in order to endeavor to detain the revolu-tionists until the infantry of Rocha could arrive and force the enemy to accept battle. It is reported that the revolutionary forces are greatly demoralized, and it is

successful stand against the pursuing troops.

On the 10th ult. it was announced that Guadalajara was fortified by the Governor Vallarta, in combina-

tion with Gen. Corona.

The rebel Don Miguel Negrete appears to be gaining strength in the mountainous districts of Puebla and of Tiaxeals, and the last-named State was declared in siege

by a decree of the 19th inst., and the Governor, Don Miguel Lira y Ortega, was invested with the political and military command. Negrete has ordered the direc-tors of the railway from Vera Cruz to send him \$40,000 within two days, or otherwise he threatens to cause within two days, or otherwise he threatens to cause greater damage to the company, and to take away their servants. Of course, the directors will not send the money, and the Federal Government is taking measures to pursue Negrete more effectually. Gov. Hernandez y Hernandez of Vera Cruz reports that the chief of the band which on the 3d of February attacked the railway train from Vera Cruz, between Cameron and Passo del Macho, has already been executed, and that the rest of the band are pursued unceasingly. Licenciado Don Manuel Aspirez, chief officer of the Foreign Department, is about to proceed to Washington as advocate of the Mexican Commission of Claims. He is distinguished in his profession, and had the mehancholy distinction of being the "fiscal" or public accuser in the celebrated train of Maximilian in Queretaro.

President Juarez, by decrees dated on the 28th ult., declared the States of Aguas Calientes and Zacatecas in siege, appointing Don Patricio Vega to exercise the political and military command in Aguas Calientes, and for the same authority in Zacatecas the Provisional Governor, Gen. Den Manuel G. Coslo. The revelutionist exemples of the same authority in Zacatecas the Provisional Governor, Gen. Den Manuel G. Coslo. The revelutionist exemples of the same authority in Zacatecas the Provisional Governor, Gen. Den Manuel G. Coslo. The revelutionist exemples of the same authority in Zacatecas the Provisional Governor, Gen. Den Manuel G. Coslo. The revelutionist exemples of the States of Aguas Calientes, and Corona admissed by the garrison, under Col. Tarbe. Gen. Corona advised by telegraph from Guadalajara, on the 28th ult., that Gov. Pesqueira of Sonora is in the Fuerto with 2,000 men, after having defeated Don Clodomiro Cota, who, with 500 revolutionists, defended that place. greater damage to the company, and to take

Also that Col. Don Sotero Oznna bad defeated 200 revolutionists, commanded by Parra, in "El Limon," and like wise the revolutionist Canedo, on the road to Mazatlan

HORACE GREELEY TO WM. H. SEWARD.

NEW-YORK, Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1854.

Gov. Seward: The election is over, and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner,—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised, rather more than a year ago, by an editorial rescript in The Evening Journal formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either næful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

for it now.)

I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty, with respect to Fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whit party,—my crime being in this, as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

to secure a seat therein for four years. It think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks's packed delegation thought I could help him through, so I was put on behind him. But this last Spring, after the Nebruska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark came about me, and asked if I could secure the Know-Nothing vote. I told them I neither could nor would touch it,—on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupen, they turned upon Clark.

I said nothing, did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson; I never hinted at my own name. But by-and-by Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor. II had never asked nor counted on his support.)

I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me, but he did it. The upshot of his discourse (very cantiously stated) was this: If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat not myself only, but you. Perhaps that was true. But, as I had in no manner solielted his or yous support, I thought this might have been said to my friends, rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected me to any post, without injuring myself or endancing your redicction.

It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner

friends, rather than to me. I suspect it is true that the could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been ravorable, there would have been a party in the State, ere this, which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring myserf or endangering your reflection.

It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner asked a nomination. At length, I was nettled by his language—well intended, but evry cutting, as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, "Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try inv name for Licutenaut. To lose this place is a matter of no importance, and we can see whether I am really so odious."

I should have hated to serve as Licutenaut-Governor but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to bave my enemies all upon me at once—I am itred of inching them piecemeal. And, although I should have been beaten in the canvaes, I know that my running would have helped the theket and my paper.

It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put upon the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond—the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, I have made it, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been, I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenaut-Governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do. That journal has decause of its milk-and-water course) some twenty thousand subscribers in this city and its suburbs; and of these twenty thousand, I venture to say, more voted for Climann and Seroggs than for Clark and Raymond; The Trintuck (also because of its milk-and-water course) some twenty thousand subscribers within the same radius; and I venture to say that, of its habitual readers, nine-tenths voted for Clark and Raymond, very few for Ulimann and Seroggs that of the heart

*If I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or down ont, addressed to the public, in which you ever recognised my existence hope I may not go down to nesterity as embalmed thearis.